est of all in Leavening Power. Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ARSOLUTELY PURE

THE ARGUS.

Published Pally and Weekly at 1614 Second Avenue, Nock Island III.

J. W. POTTER. - - PUBLISHER.



TERM .- Daily, Ien cents per week. Weekly 00 per annum; in advance \$1.5)

All a mounications of a critical or argument tive character, petitical or religious, must have art cles will be printed over fictitious signatures Correspondence solicited from every cwashi in Rock shoot county

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1893.

What a pity that awful explosion in the harbor of Santander, Spain. couldn't have occurred in the harbor of Rio instead. It would have saved the Brazilian people no end of time and money, whichever one of the warring factions happened to be mixed up in it.

Some of the Stewarts are trying to get a share of the millions left by A.
T. Stewart and so ably accepted by
Judge Hilton. While the subject is not one of public concern there is an interest not unnatural in finding out how liliton managed to make him-self so absorbent. He could give lessons to a sponge.

Tue English lord chamberlain has suppressed a burlesque because it caricatured the sultan of Turkey and thereby highly offended the Turkish ambassalor to St. James. The British lion can become the vertest shrinking our when it likes, and at present it seems the unspeakable Tuck holds the whip hand.

THE German court is to have a new dance this winter, to be called the "gavotte lanciers." Eight members of the Royal ylayhouse com-pany gave a private performance of the new quadrille before the emperor recetly and he at once gave orders for its adoption by the court in place of the court quadrille.

Ay old law, which has been forgetten, requires all ships seaving the port of New York to carry a small cannon, two projectiles and 500 yards of line, so that in case the ship should be beached the crew would be able to communicate with the shore. All sailing masters have received notice to comply with the law.

THE growl of the English sporting papers that English fighters sent over here are shabbily treated does not seem well founded. In the first place the fighters have been per-mitted to land, a concession for which atively few of them have been molested under the vagrancy act.

Uron the approach of winter the tramps who infest the country towns are becoming a source of terror. As it grows more and more difficult for them to get food without working for it their acts become more and more desperate. But the profes-sional tramp will reach the very limit of desperation before he will go

A Wisconsin newspaper is called on to answer a charge of criminal libel against a town. The paper. which is published at Superior, said there were 150 cases of diphtheria in Iron River, and that the town should be quarantined. There were no such cases there, and the city attorney and health commissioner have entered a prosecution.

ARTICLES by James Russell Lowell continue to appear. Mr. Lowell was never a prolific writer, and articles from his pen have appeared much more frequently since his death than during his life. Mr. Lowell was always more or less distrustful of his own abilities, and so he permitted much excellent work of his to remain unpublished. His posthumous writings have increased his reputation.

oned by enting toadstools. It is more than likely that this same Kentucky editor has printed column after column of "woman's department," in which time and again has appeared warning that would have saved his life. And all this goes to show that, although the "lips of the wise despise knowledge."the "tongue of the wise" does not always "use it

has just transpired will delight the heart of every philatelist. The king of kings, the successor of King Solo-mon, has written to the Universal d association at Bern annous ing his intention to enter the postal mion We shall consequently have byssinian postage stamps, for the ring of kings is none other than King femelek of Abyssinia. Many things will doubtless happen on the banks of the hile before the first postoffice space in Abyssinia. But we live in brange times, when savages are because civilized and civilized not becoming savages. THE GIFT DIVINE.

A single tree my prospect is. Of all the lavish greenness That summer yields, I have but this In place of utter leanness. Hemmed in by walls of brick and stone, This one green outlook is my own.

But breadth of land and sweep of sea. Have falled of such attraction. And bloomy gardens granted mo Less simple satisfaction.
Less thankful sense of happiner. Than now in one tree I possess.

ets all so did things away: i pleasant things enhance With summer's sweetest fancies: Brooks bubble, wild flowers smile for And forests murmur in my tree.

Birds, too, and butterflies and been Throng in its compass and second Throng in its compass narrow; A choir of rippling harmonies I hear in one brown sparrow; A clint of sudden sunshine brings The dream of many colored wings.

Ah, gift divine! what sorrow curbs, What bitter fate can float you? Detter with you a meal of herbs
Than the stalled ox without you;
For eyes that you anoint can see
All nature's heauty in one tree.
—Sunday School Times.

OLD HORNUS.

A single French regiment, on an un-sheltered railroad bank, stood like a target for the Prastian army, massed in the woods some 80 yards away. As push past the orderly, the bullets fell thick about them, the "My flag! I wan French officers ordered their men to lie shouted. down, but not one would obey. All remained proudly standing about their

In that broad expanse of green pastures and waving corafields illumined by the setting sun, that body of tormented men, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, looked like a flock surprised in the open fields by the first gust of a terrible tempest. It did indeed rain lead on that hillside! Nothing could be heard but the crackling discharge of musketry, the heavy rumbling of shells and the censeless vibration of balls all over the battlefield.

Again and again the flag fell, but every time a clear, bold voice rang out above the din of the musketry, the oaths of the wounded, the death rattle of the dying: "To the flag, boys! To

And instantly, like a vague shadow in that fiery fog, an officer would spring forward, and the dauntless ensign, as if restored to life, would look down again upon the battle.

Twenty-two times it fell. Twenty-two times its staff, still warm as it slip-ped from a dying hand, was caught and raised again, and when at sunset the ful of men, slowly retreated the flag was but a tattered rag in the hands of Sergeant floring, the twenty-third ensign of the day.

This Sergeant Horaus, an old fellow who could scatterly sign his name, had been 20 years in gaining the rank of one, and as his regiment was called a noncommissioned officer. The mis. each ensign went forward to get a recries of the foundling and the brutality of the barracks had left their impress in his low, obstinate brow, his back bent by the knapsack and that unscrupnlous air of the trooper in the ranks. He stammered a little, too, but eloquence is not essential in an ensign. That same evening of the battle his colonel said to him, "You have the flag, my gallant fellow-well, keep it."

And on his shabby army coat, worn and faded by rain and powder, the sutler placed at once the golden budge of the ensign. This was the one glory of his life. From this time the old treeper held up his head. The poor soul, who heretofore had walked with bent back and downcast glance, henceforth stood proudly erect, with eyes ever lifted to watch that scrap of cloth fluttering in the breeze, and to hold it very high, very upright, above death, de-

feat and treachery. Never was there a man so happy as Hornus when he stood on the battle-field, his hands clasped about his flagstaff in its leathern sheath. Silent. motionless, grave as a priest, one would have said that he was holding something sacred. His whole life, his whole being, centered in the fingers gripped about the beautiful golden rag upon which the balls seemed to huri them-selves, and his defiant eyes looked the Prussians straight in the face as if to No one did try—not even death. After those deadly battles of Borny and Gravelotte, the flag left the field cut to pieces, literally riddled with bullet-holes, but it was still old Hornus who holes, but it was still old Hornus who here it. Then came September, the army at Metz, the siege, and that long encampment in the mud till the cannon rusted, and the finest troops in the world, demoralized by inaction, by lack of provisions and of news, died in the trenches of fever and despair and deadly weariness. Lenders and men alike lost confidence. Hornus alone still had faith. His tricolor rus was all the had faith. His tricolor rag was all the world to him, and as long as he kept that it seemed to him that nothing was

Unfortunately, as there was no more lighting, the colonel kept the flag at his quarters in one of the suburbs of Metz,

wall, would send him ther with courage renewed, to dream under his soaking tent of marches, of battles, of the

flag floating gayly down there on the Prussian trenches.

An order of Marshal Bazaine destroyed these illusions. One morning Hornus awoke to find the camp in an uproar, the soldiers in excited groups shouting and talking angrily and gesticulating toward one part of the town.
"Off with him! Shoot him!" they

cried, and the officers, walking apart with heads bowed in shame before the men, let them talk on unheeded.

It was indeed shameful! To 150,000 well armed, ablebodied men had just

been read an order surrendering them to the enemy without a blow.

"And the flags"—demanded Hornus.
"The flags were surrendered with the rest—the guns, the remains of the wagon trains -- everything."
"Th-th-thunder!"stammered the poor

fellow, "they shan't keep mine." And he set of on the run toward that side of the town. There, too, all was confusion. National guards, civilians and gardes mobiles were walking about. Deputations passed, trembling, on their way to the marshal's house. Hornus saw nothing, heard nothing. Ho hurried up the street, muttering to

"To take my flag from me! Come now, can this be possible? Let him give the Prussians what is his own—his silver plate and his gilded coaches-but this is mine. It is my honor. I forbid any one to touch it."

His sentences were broken up by his hurried pace and his stammering tongue: but, after all, the old fellow had a plan, a clear and fixed purpose to take his flag, to carry it into the midst of the regiment, and with any who would follow him to fall upon the Prussians and destroy them utterly. When he reached the colenel's house, he was not even allowed to enter. The colonel too, was furious and would admit no one, but Hornus did not understand this. He wept, he swore, he tried to

"My flag! I want my flag!" he Finally a window was thrown open.

"It is you, Hornus?" "Yes, colonel-+1"-"All the flags are at the arsenal.

You have only to go there for a re-

"A receipt—for what?"
"It is the marshal's order." "But, colonel"-"Gi-m-peace!" and down went

Old Hornus staggered like a drunken

"A receipt. A receipt," he repeated mechanically. Finally he went off with but one clear idea in his headthat his flag was at the arsenal, and that, come what would, he must see it again.

The arsenal gates were opened wide for the passage of the Prussian wagons which were ranged in the yard. A chill passed over Hornus as he entered. All the other ensigns were there and 56 or 60 officers, silent and heartbroken. With the somber wagons standing in the rain and the groups of men with bared heads, it was like a functal. All the flags of Bazaine's army were lying in a heap on one corner of the muddy remnant of the regiment, a little hand- pavement. Nothing could be sadder than those strips of bright hued silk, that debris of golden fringe and carved sticks, all that glorious paraphernalia thrown on the ground, soiled with mud and rain.

An officer picked them up, one by ceipt. Hard and unsympathetic, two Prussian officers watched the registra-

"And you are going away thus!-O. sacred, glorious tatters displaying your rents, trailing sadly over the pavement, like birds with broken wings! You are going away with the shame of beautiful things soiled, and each of you will carry away a little of France. In your worn folds the sunshine of the long marches still lingers. In your bullet holes you preserve the memory of the unknown dead, fallen perchance beneath the banner, struck"

"Hornus, you—they are calling you. Go get your receipt." There was the day, before him; It was really his, the most beautiful, the most mutilated of them all, and seeing it once more he seemed to be standing again on the railroad bank. He heard the balls sing, the chells burst and the colonel's voice, "To the flag, boys!"

His 22 comrades lay there on the ground, and he, the twenty-third, was pringing forward in his turn to seize it, to lift the poor flag, tottering for want of a sustaining arm. Ah! he swore that day to defend it, to guard it till death. And now—the thought of all this sent every drop of blood in his body to his head. Maddened, desperate, he sprang upon the Prussian officer, tore from his grasp his beloved ensign and tried to lift it very high, very upright, crying. "To the fi"— but his voice died in his throat. The staff trembled and slipped from his fingers. In that weary air that deadly air that weighed so heavily on the surrendered town, no flag could wave, no pride could live, and old Hor-nus fell, crushed.—Alphonse Daudet.

As All Around Woman's Club.

The Des Moines Woman's club exhibited at Chicago in the section set apart for the federated women's clubs numerously handsomely bound volumes, containing club history and memorabilis; the photograph of each president, with the corresponding year book set into the page opposite; the club stationery and last, but not least, a certificate of the club stock. The third volume was of folio type and contained 27 of was of folio type and contained 27 of the papers read before the society. Each had been prepared in permanent form, under the author's direction, and the artistic decorations carried out the quarters in one of the suburbs of Metz.
and honest Horms was very like a
mother whose child is out at surse.
He thought of it continually, and when
his longing for it became unendurable
he would rush off to the colonel's house,
where the mere eight of his flag, resting tranquilly in its place against the

A Woman Evangelist.
Misn Harriette J. Cooke, who has been

Miss Harriette J. Cooke, who has been studying methods of city evangelization in England, will spend a year in the Epworth League house in Boston, in the employ of the Boston Missionary and Church Extension society. Miss Cooke was last year superintendent of the Victoris Park mission, an important branch of the Mildmay work, of which her recent work, "Mildmay," is an account.

Than cure, and those who are subject to rhedinatism can prevent attacks by keeping, the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. You can rely upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheuma-tism and catarrh, also for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other diseases caused by impure blood. It tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Hood's Pills are easy and gentle in

ARGUS BUSINESS DIRECTORY

BOOKS, WALL PAPER, ETC. Crampton, R, 1725 Second avenue. RESTAURANT.

Allars, L., 1608 Second svenne. FURNITURE AND CARPETS. Cordes. H F. 18/2 Second avenue. GLOVES AND FURS. Benne't, Gco. 1605 Second avenue

MERCHANT TAILOR. I mig, W, 1767 Second avenue. CIGARS AND TOBACCO. Pessilin, J II, 1508 Second avenue.

BAKERS. Munro, De Rue & Anderson, 26 M rket sons DRUGGISTS.

Thomas, T II, 1630 Second avenue Speidel, C. 1607 Second avenue. PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.

Blake & Burke, 1810 Third avenue. WALL PAPER, ETC. Adams Wall Paper Co, 310 514 Twentleth street GROCERS.

Buncher, Chas &, 221 Twentieth street. Hers Bros, 120 Second avenue. Brooks & Thierman, 2001 Fifth avenue. Kuschmann, Robt, 2207 Four h avenue. long, CJ, Second avenue and Ni et enth treet Browner & Co. 2981 Fifth aver ue.

UNDERTAKER. Knox B F, 400 Twentieth stree'. HARDWARE, STOVES AND MANTELS. Noftsker, J T. 303 Twentisth street.

LAUNDRY. Parker's Laurdry, 1721 Third svenue. COD, 22; and . 53 Eighteer th street. BREWERIES.

Fock Island Brewing company. MEAT MARKET. Schroeder Hans, 311 Twentieth str et. Tri-City Packing and Provis on Co, 4th and 20th. JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

R: meer, J & Son, 1827 S cond avenue. MILLINERY. Blackburn & Cc, 17 9 Second avenue. EGOTS AND SHOES.

Boston Shoe St. 1e, 16/3 Second avenue REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE. Harr s. Geo W D. 239 Sev. nteent's

Amusements. Jarper's Theatre,

J. E. Montrose, Manager. Monday, Dec. 18th.

Chas. A. Gardner.

("KARL") In Hi · New Comedy Dr ma,

By Jas R. Garey and Dr. E. A. Wood.

New Songs! New Scenery! New Costumes! -GENUINE TYROLEAN SINGERS-5

at every performance Sale of scate at Harper House pharmecy Dec 13th. Prices 75, 50 at d 25c.

THE ARCADE

Cigar Store and Billiard Parlor. Always on hand the anest brands of domest The score of all the ball games will be receive

L. GLOCKHOFF, Prop.,

Complete Manhood

and how to attain it.

describes the effe ts, points the remedy. This is scienti leaky the most valuable, artistically the most beautiful medical book that has appea,ed for years; 91 pages every pag: bearing a h ilf tone illustration in thats. So we of the subjects treated are Kervous Debility, Impotency, Ste.ility, Davelopsment Varicoccie, The Husban I, Then: mrending Marriage, etc. Every man who would know the grand trathe, the plain facts, the old self ta, and the new discoveries of mell call at one : as applied to warri dife. how all above for post follow and avoid future pitfalls should write for this w underful list's back. It will be sent free



Manager of Waite's Colebrated Comedy Co.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DR. MILES' NERVINE

DR. MILES' PILLS 50 DORER 25 CTR

Rasmussen's

Holiday Offer.

WE PROPOSE to boom our trade from now until Christmas by offering unusual inducements. viz: With every order for a dozen cabinet photos we shall give an extra photo in the new Vienna panel size, and in addi-tion your choice of three beautiful souvenirs. In cravon work we are offering an exceptional bargain-a 16x20 crayon portrait in a beautiful gold frame at \$4.00, regular price \$5.50.

Visitors are always welcome.

RASMUSSEN.

1725 Second Ave.

13. CIO lewelry and Silverwa ATCHES,

LOUIS ENGLIN.

Merchant -:- Tailor,

119 Eighteenth Street.

Fit and Workmanship Guar-

Cearing and Repairing Done.

PARKERS' aundry

Washes everything from a fine dik handkerchief to a circus ent; Lace curtains a specialty.

> No. 1724 THIRD AVE A. M. & L. J. FARKER, Telephous Bo. 1914

The Battle Above the Clouds.

Klug, Hasler, Schwentser

Dry Goods Co.

217-2174 W. Second St., DAVE: PORT

I have a large consignment of Napkin Rings, Ink Wells, Pen Racks, call bills, etc., made of materials taken from Lookout Mountain; they will make presents which the Old Settlers will prize very highly. We have them on sale for a few days only.

Geo. H. Kingsbury, FAIR AND ART STORE

THEY ARE BARGAINS.

A car load of handsome bed room suits going at the following prices.

Suits worth \$15 00 go at . **\$**12.50

Remember we have only one car load to dispose of at the above manufacturer's prices.

CLEMANN & SALZMANN.

1525 and 1527 Second Avenue

124 126 and 128 Sixteenth Street



Cloaks And **Millinery**

At Half Price.

Now is the time to buy your Christmas presents.

BEE HIVE,

114 W. Second St., Davenport